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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1910.

Dr. Cook Again.

Dr. Cook, the alleged discoverer of the north pole, according to the latest report is in London, where, it is averred, he has been preparing a book setting forth at length his claims that he reached the pole and answering the criticisms of Commander Peary. It is said, too, that he intends to return to America and to the lecture platform.

If he should return to America, his pretensions will not now be taken seriously. The proofs which he submitted to competent authority at Copenhagen were declared to be inadequate. There is not only the evidence of those men whom he employed in New York to "fake" a series of nautical observations for him, but there is the testimony of the Eskimo who accompanied him, and internal evidence that discredits his records. All this, in addition to the now established fact that his previous claim to having ascended Mount McKinley was unfounded.

There is one curious bit of evidence that, in all this discussion about Dr. Cook's claims, has never been adduced, and it is to be found in a book written by "Bob" Dunn, called "The Shameless Diary of an Explorer." It is, in very truth, probably the only absolutely veracious account of any expedition—nothing "extenuated," nor ought "set down in malice."

Dunn was one of the members of Dr. Cook's Mount McKinley expedition party—the first expedition, which ignominiously failed. Any one who will read this book will learn why that expedition failed. It tells the truth about Dr. Cook—long before he was ever heard of as a candidate for north pole honors. It tells of his inept leadership, marked by brutality and stupidity. It tells of starving horses and mules dragging huge packing cases up the mountain-side—cases containing scientific instruments the very use of which the leader, Dr. Cook, did not understand. So far from being able to use a sextant, he did not know what an artificial horizon was, and the fact that even the best of compasses has variations was unknown to him.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Cook is not coming back to this country. After a year of reflection, the American people, in whom the spirit of fair play is inherent, will have scant patience to consider anything he may have to offer in the way of belated proofs. Public opinion was strongly on his side at the inception of the controversy—so strongly that it reluctantly accepted Peary as the discoverer, and, even yet, fails to recognize him as a hero. But Cook's performance, in the face of doubt and criticism, and his perfidious flight, forfeited the confidence of the public, and it is a thing he can never regain. He stamped himself a mountebank when he ran away.

If people could only live on advice, what a boon to the country our publicists would be.

Our Northern Neighbor.

The recent revival of interest in the question of reciprocity with Canada lends peculiar interest to the question of Canada's growth as displayed by the figures of the recent census taken in the Dominion. From time to time we have been hearing of the emigration of many Americans to the Canadian Northwest, so that it is not at all surprising to learn that in the past decade Canada's population has been growing very much faster than our own.

The area of the Dominion of Canada is about equal to that of the United States, but very much more of her acreage is waste land that can never be brought into profitable use for agriculture, though much of her frozen wilderness is rich in minerals and supplies the major portion of the furs for the world's market. This land can never hope to be settled very thickly. The west and the northwest of Canada is, however, prime agricultural country, and it is this that has attracted most of the American farmers who have emigrated there; as it does, also, the British and the Irish immigration, which in the last decade has been exceptionally heavy.

The official figures for the last Canadian census give the Dominion a population approximating 7,500,000. The gain in the last fiscal year was about 300,000, or about 4 per cent, a very much higher percentage of gain than our own. For the last decade Canada's population has been growing at the rate of about 4 1/2 per cent annually, though for the twenty years prior to the decade just ending her growth had been only 1 per cent a year. Our growth in population during the same period was about one-half that of Canada. The growth of the Maritime Provinces between the years 1901 and 1910 was

well under 10 per cent; in the province of Quebec the growth was about 33 per cent; in Ontario it was 20 per cent, and in Manitoba a little over 100 per cent. But in Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Assiniboia the growth was between 800 and 1,000 per cent.

Canada's northwest, the great wheat-growing country, is undoubtedly the land of opportunity. With an area of about half a million square miles, this territory has less than half the population of Texas; so there is, and will be for many years, an abundance of room for immigration. It is into this land that the emigrants are pouring, not alone from America, but from many European countries, though the great bulk of immigration comes from the British Isles.

The trade of Canada is certain largely to increase with the coming years, and it seems stupid that an imaginary line across the northern part of this continent should prevent free and unrestricted trade between neighbors. We need Canada's trade just as much as she needs ours. It is plain from the fact that the Dominion has a semi-official diplomatic representative established in Washington that Canada is anxious for close relations with us, and it would be the height of folly if, with our other tariff sins, we should add the crime of permitting a fancied principle—under which our great trusts and many other ills have grown—to stand in the way. Under wise conditions, Canada's prosperity and welfare should be ours, also.

Portugal could hardly have insured more strenuously if its name had been Kansas.

"Hats Off" in Elevators.

A correspondent who in an intelligent manner discusses the customs of Europe and the larger cities in this country points out in Monday's Washington Herald that "the canons of good breeding" do not require the taking off of one's hat in a public elevator. Rather, it is pointed out, the habit stamps one as provincial. The skyscraper of to-day differs widely from the buildings of a decade ago, when the lift was first in vogue. Then the passenger-carrying elevator was found chiefly in hotels, where all were guests of the same host, and in many cases acquaintances. Then, taking off the hat was proper, whereas the gatherings in the huge elevators of the present day are of a motley character, and in most cases the passengers are strangers to one another.

We do not tip our hats to strangers, nor do we take off our hats while buying goods of a saleslady, no matter how many women may be buying articles at the same counter. An elevator is more akin to a store than to a private room, and New York, London, and Boston recognize this. The law of good breeding is rational. It asks nothing for which there is no valid reason. True civility can be shown and the proper deference exhibited without ostentatious effort. The "ill-bred" fellow, who "merits" our scowls, may be the true gentleman at heart. He is broader, and knows customs in a world-sense, while the youth who has false conceptions shows his lack of broadness by criticizing those who have a finer sense of the proprieties.

The youth of Washington does not lack in good breeding, and the fact that the example of taking off the hat in an elevator is followed here to a greater degree than in other cities indicates good intentions, but lack of knowledge.

If there were no other reason for keeping on one's hat, the sanitary one of guarding against taking cold would be sufficient. Other centers of population have learned this. Hence the timeliness of the contribution on the letter page last Monday.

And now it is Mr. Foraker who is showing that he can come back.

Military Aeronautics.

Aeronautical progress has become a by-word. The subject is being discussed to such an extent that every reader of newspapers in the world feels competent to discuss bird-men and their achievements as freely as every American citizen discusses politics and how to run the government at Washington. Commercially, aviation has not reached a stage where it promises substantial dividends. As a sport it is a paying proposition, but viewed from the military standpoint there is a field of endeavor so great as to amaze the mind of the student. Gen. Miles, Secretary Meyer, and other military chieftains have given their fullest indorsement to aeronautics as an arm of the service destined to play a momentous part in the warfare of the future.

At the recent military maneuvers in France the official report took cognizance of the tremendous advantage of an army supported by a fleet of aerial scouts. It was pointed out that half a dozen aeroplanes in one hour accomplished as much as 3,000 cavalry would in twenty-four hours. Such assistance renders the armed force almost invulnerable. Its defense can be perfect, knowing the location of the attacking force, and its attack will have the decided advantage of knowing the weakest point in the enemy's line.

America has thus far lagged behind in the race for supremacy in military aeronautics. While all the larger nations of the world have appropriated millions for the development of this branch of military science, the United States government appropriated only \$35,000 for the purchase of one heavier-than-air machine, the one that was tried at Fort Myer by the Wrights.

Even after this machine was purchased, it had to be removed from the Capital of the country, because there were not sufficient funds available properly to house it, and pay the rent for a practice field at College Park.

In this country, however, all great movements seem to have their inception in private enterprise, rather than in governmental initiative. Just at the time when the unpreparedness of this country for aerial warfare was exciting the comment of the entire world, a military organization of bird-men, created by a young New York multi-millionaire, John Barry Ryan, seemed to spring up over night. Under the name of the United States Aeronautical Reserve, it has now about 5,000 members in all parts of the country—persons in all walks of life, from the

President of the United States to the assistant mechanic, who is merely a handy man about a gasoline engine.

Banded together by a common purpose to promote aeronautics as a branch of military science, this organization, which has already a thriving station in Washington, expects in a short time to put this government on an equal footing with the military nations of Europe, in the matter of aerial fleets.

The United States Aeronautical Reserve is of particular interest to the people of Washington, as its founders intend to establish near this city, either at College Park or along the river front, an aerial maneuver ground, where the various problems in aerial tactics may be worked out by army officers, national guardsmen, and other aviators, both professional and amateur, who have signified their willingness to serve their country in time of war as pilots, scouts, and aerial artillerymen.

Commodore John Barry Ryan, who is the organizer and moving spirit of the Reserve, will some day be hailed as the man who foresaw and corrected this country's unpreparedness for aerial warfare.

It is little short of downright cruelty to keep asking the colonel to explain his attitude on the tariff. Do we not all know that he stood pat for seven years before his Saratoga convention indorsed the Payne-Aldrich bill?

Efforts to suppress Hearst, keep Bryan quiet, and lose Judge Parker in the political shuffle are futile—absolutely futile.

Another good thing about that Portuguese revolution is that it has taught us all more about the geography of the Iberian peninsula.

William Allen White once said that this country needed was "to raise less hell and more corn." Now he applauds, while it is doing more of both.

The situation seems to be just this: The Republican party is promising very earnestly to be good and finds the voters obstinately disinclined.

At least, there was much less said in the papers about the Portuguese revolution than there was about that Faunal-Naturalist thing.

To-morrow in Chicago Senator Lorimer and Vice President Sherman are to banquet together. The first toast will be, "To the colonel!" Not!

It is true that people usually find what they are looking for. The Rockefeller hookworm commission has discovered that petroleum is the best cure.

Great Britain must be pretty glad that it did not marry one of its princesses to King Manuel.

Of course, it may be true that 25,000 germs were found in one teaspoonful of milk, but the question is: What room was there in the spoon for milk?

Certainly no President before Mr. Taft has had so much advice on how the country should be run.

Mr. Rockefeller is so optimistic concerning things in general that it is almost certain Standard Oil is about to declare another dividend.

Senator Tillman, of South Carolina, is returning, so that, after all, the next session of Congress will not lack picturesqueness.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

ALONG THE MILKY WAY.

Along the milky way
An airship man went flopping.
He found, to his dismay,
His craft was nearly stopping.

He couldn't place the fault
Until a kind star-dweller
Advised that he should halt
And look at his propeller.

And then the man was heard
Some naughty things to mutter.
His plight was quite absurd;
The screw was clogged with butter.

The First Harbingers.

"Seems to me winter is backward this year."
"Yes; I haven't seen a Christmas magazine yet."

Manners and Customs.

"Why do you wear a queue?" demanded the Englishman. "It seems so foolish."
"Perhaps it is," admitted the Chinaman. "Would you have me wear a monocle?"

The Courtship.

"Then the duke and the heiress will not wed?"
"Seems not. The thing was mismanaged on both sides. The continental newspapers failed to co-operate properly with the American press."

No Doubt.

Nomenclature is not a game
On which to bank.
An auto by another name
Would smell as rank.

A Mean Trick.

"I refuse to eat that fello' any longer. He's a snake in the grass."
"What's the matter now?"
"While I was doing my drunken scene, he got off three of my epigrams."

Oratory.

"What did the Congressman have to say about the cost of living?"
"He didn't get around to that. He was too busy attacking the crowned heads of Europe."

Flat Life.

"The unequal distribution of wealth is what I complain about."
"Yes; and we'll soon be complaining about the unequal distribution of heat."

WHY NOT YOU?

If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the wide world through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And tell them to be true.
I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Telling a tale of sin and shame,
In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong.

If I were a voice, a coaxing voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air,
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
And tell them of the crowding town,
And the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around,
And wherever man would ever bowed
I'd publish in tones both long and loud,
The truth's most joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on the world-wide way,
Bidding the adduced ones rejoice,
If I were a voice, an immortal voice.

—Charles Mackay.

POLITICAL COMMENT.

Tennessee's Cincinnati.

From the Arkansas Gazette.

Just as the Romans of the storied age interrupted the fall plowing of old man Cincinnati to save a consular army from the Aquil, who had the consul in a hole and were threatening to give him the final kibosh, so the regular Democrats of Tennessee have sought out Robert L. Taylor on his peaceful political path and called him from his abiding place, the embattled Democracy from the "bloody angle" into which the coalition of regular Republicans and irregular Democrats has gotten it. And just as Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus of old left the plow in the fence corner and turned old Beck out to grass, to answer the call of duty, so Robert Love Taylor shapes the fiddle box, renounces his Senatorial ease, surrenders the shank end of his vacation from Federal duties, and engages to do about thirty days of the best country saving that has ever been done since Cincinnatus extracted the beleaguered Romans from the middle of a bad fix. And just as Cincinnatus saved his country so may Taylor save the regular Democracy of Tennessee—even though Taylor may be harder up against it than Cincinnatus was.

Misnomers in Politics.

From the Philadelphia Record.
Among the curious or misnomers in current politics are the designation of the regulars of the old guard in New York as "conservatives" and of the triumphant Roosevelt faction as "progressives." Of what the former or conservative it would be hard to say, unless it be of methods of machine management for the retention of power and of corrupt practices in the legislature at Albany, of which there have been but recently revealing revelations. As to the "progressives" of the Roosevelt faction, their movements toward progress are as dubious and obscure as the conservatism of the old guard. The "new nationalism," an alias for Old Federalism, is a mere crablike progressing backward. As the chief builder of the Saratoga platform Roosevelt, so far from progressing, is the same reactionary that he was during all the years when in the office of President he co-operated with Aldrich and Cannon.

Takes Pride in Lodge.

From the New York Sun.
The truth is that however much of a partisan Mr. Lodge is, and though he may offend sensitive souls by an air of conscious dignity and mental superiority, the people of Massachusetts never doubt his devotion to the public service, and even his critics are proud of him when he makes a set speech, either in the Senate or on the platform of a State convention. Mr. Lodge is criticized chiefly because he is a stiff and ungracious citizen with an immitigable scorn for persons who call themselves Democrats. He is berated, and also envied, because he is a boss, although a respectable one. Nevertheless Massachusetts is proud of him.

Strange Situation in Oregon.

From the Portland (Ore.) Telegram.
We are living in a time when the protest against a Republican machine running a Republican party is so violent that dislocations and dismembersments are in plain evidence everywhere. The people are tired of machines which are invariably to harm the public. But it has remained for Oregon, a great and progressive State otherwise, to stand forth unique in the circumstance that its dominant Republican party to a very great degree has been under the control of an utterly selfish Democratic machine, which has built itself into power and consequence by the use of Republican votes.

An Ideal Public Servant.
From the Philadelphia Record.
In reply to a suggestion of a Presidential nomination and a not unfriendly intimation that he was shaping his course therefor, Mayor Gaynor wrote: "Never!—and it is too late for me to begin shaping my course for any ambitious purpose." The country is in urgent need of men who are content to do their duty in the position where they find themselves, and are not shaping their course for any ambitious purpose.

Initiative and Referendum.

From the Kansas City Times.
As for the initiative and referendum, they are opposed by a great number of persons who don't know what the terms mean; and favored by a great many more who do know what they mean.

A Possible Outcome.

From the Ohio State Journal.
The glad thought is that perhaps the popular election of Senators might result in the election of popular Senators.

Preaching vs. Practicing.

From the Des Moines Register.
Mr. Bryan's famous lecture topic is "Peace," and his favorite occupation just now is fighting Jim Dahlgren.

Supplying the Family.

From the Youngstown Telegram.
On his way home Wednesday evening City Wire Inspector William Buzard was accosted by a shabby dressed man who asked him for a dime.

"I'll tell you the truth," the man said, "I want to buy a package of smoking tobacco."

"Here you are," the inspector replied. "I just happen to have a package with me. Does your brother smoke?"

Somewhat surprised, the man answered: "Yes, sir; sure he does."

The inspector handed over another package.

"Have you got two brothers?"
The man grinned and nodded.

"Here are a couple of packages for your cousins, two or three for your relations and one for good measure." And as fast as he could get them out of his pockets the inspector handed the man a number of small packages.

"Before I forget it," he said in conclusion, "here's one for your grand-mother."

To the astonished group of bystanders who had stopped to watch the incident, the wire inspector afterwards explained that an advertising man had given him a big supply of samples, and that he had been waiting for a good chance to distribute them.

A Fish Tale.

From the Toledo Star Journal.
All the medals for fish tales belong to Winston, Conn. A bass was caught there not long ago which had been connected with another hook and line for five years, and which, during all that time had lived in the water within a radius of seventy-five feet.

Cost of Living in Belfast.

From the Portland (Ore.) Telegram.
According to a consular report, the regular fare on the street cars in Belfast, for a distance of two miles, is 2 cents, and the cost of coal in that city is \$1.15 a ton.

EARL OF SUFFOLK'S ESTATES RESTORED

When Miss Daisy Leiter married Henry Molnau, Esq. of New York, the Earl of Suffolk and his family, who had been in England, was in a deplorable state, so much so that a number of the old-fashioned guest rooms, containing priceless furnishings, were all but uninhabitable. But the Leiter wealth has changed all that. Now state, ball, and guest rooms have been restored (not renovated; oh, no, that would be "parvenu-ish," don't you know?). There is a famous picture gallery at Charlton Park, which has been practically rebuilt and which contains one of the finest collections of the old masters.

But the most striking alteration made by Lady Suffolk is the conversion of an open courtyard in the center of the palace into a large concert hall, in which she had placed a full-sized church organ, costing, it is said, \$25,000. Lady Suffolk, who is so accomplished a musician as to be called a virtuoso almost, here entertains her guests with her songs. She also is very fond of amateur theatricals, and has planned a series of performances as Yuletide celebration for Christmas, when her castle will be filled with guests for the hunting season.

The earl, her husband, last month celebrated his thirty-third birthday. He met his wife out in India when extra added-camp to his brother-in-law, Lord Curzon, whose wife, now dead, was Daisy Leiter's sister.

The earl's dates from 1866 for the Suffolk and since 1877 for Berkshire. His greatest wealth, about 10,000 acres, he holds as Viscount Andover, the name given the heirs of the Earls of Suffolk, and which is borne by his eldest son, Charles Henry George Howard, now four years old, and who has two younger brothers to keep him company.

The last Sir Christopher Trout Bartley, who died last month after an operation, will be remembered as the founder of the National Penny Bank to promote thrift, and also by one of his publications, "The Seven Ages of a Village Pauper." He was a self-made man. Born in 1842 as the son of the late Robert Bartley, of Hackney, his studies of practical states economy got him to be well known through his writings. He was made assistant director of the science division of the National Science and Art Department, and in 1880 resigned to stand for Parliament. He was a Conservative from North Islington from November, 1885, to January, 1895, when he was defeated. His last contest for Parliament was in 1907, when he fought West Hull at a by-election and was beaten by the Hon. Guy Wilson.

His National Penny Bank had a very humble beginning. A room was taken in Church street, Edgeware road, where deposits were received on Saturday evenings. Sir George, recalling the struggle for existence of his creation, in his reminiscences says:

"The room was next to a small exhibition, or, rather, it led into the exhibition room, and several Saturday evenings our business was cut into by the exhibition of a fat woman, who, we thought, took away our depositors. When she left I entered in my diary: 'Fat woman gone, but her place taken by a baby with no arms and no legs.'"

The penny bank has since proved a blessing to the poor of Great Britain, and has grown phenomenally, as a last memory to the practical wisdom and "horse sense" of the late Sir George, who apparently knew the masses and the only telling way to aid them to help themselves.

But he was a far better essayist than a speaker, which is proven by this little anecdote: It was during Sir George's incumbency for Islington (one of the most densely populated of the London East Ends), and speaking on his favorite subject, the resurrection of the masses, made the following remark: "My dense constituency—" Quick as a flash, another member, Mr. Swift MacNeil, was on his feet and interjected, "Clearly a case of natural election."

Doncaster over-society has migrated from Yorkshire to different Scottish seats for the meetings at Oban, Ayr, and Inverness, where which eleven the autumn in Scotland.

By the absence of Lady Eglington and the death of Lady Glen Clova, Ayrshire will miss two of its most noted hostesses this year. Lord and Lady Eglington, who usually entertain a very large party at Eglington Castle, are spending the autumn at their place in the Isle of Mull.

Their son, Lord Montgomerie, and his young wife, Lady Beatrice Dalrymple, daughter of the Earl of Stair, however, are at Bouthreigh, where they are entertaining a large company for the season.

One of the largest parties is gathered at Culzean Castle, where Lord and Lady Alisa have a family party, including Lord and Lady Cassilis, and their other sons and daughters.

Lord and Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart are at House of Falkland, and took their guests in automobiles to the races. Sir Simon and Lady Lockhart, who are up in Lancashire, are to the meet daily. Lady Marjorie Hamilton is a very hostess in Ayrshire this autumn, and among her guests at Bargany House are her only sister, Lady Bridget Coke, and her mother, Lady Leicester.

The birth of a son and heir to Capt. and Lady Donald Walter Cameron, of Lochiel, has occasioned great rejoicing. The happy event took place at Buchanan Castle, near Glasgow, the ancestral home of the Camerons, and the residence of the parents of Lady Cameron, the Duke and Duchess of Montrose.

Capt. Cameron, or "Lochiel," as his friends call him, in view of the fact that he is the present chief of the famous Scottish Cameron clan, served in the Grenadier Guards (Queen's Own Highlanders) twice in South Africa—in 1889 and in 1902. He succeeded his father, Ronald Cameron, to the Lochiel estate, in Inverness-shire, in 1895, and the year following married the youngest daughter of the Duke of Montrose, the Lady Hermione Emily Graham. They have two little daughters, so that this addition of a son and heir will be especially welcomed.

"Lochiel's" mother is a sister of the present Duke of Buccleuch, Lady Margaret Montagu Douglas-Scott.

FLANEUR.
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THE FIRST SAD LEAVES.

Mourful eaves in russet tints,
Of eaves that once were green,
Could we read your wistful runes,
Would our joy-bells chime?

Hath the clammy hand of treason
Stripped your golden green?
Hath the swift-averted season
Spied a shaft unseen?

Russet thoughts are round me creeping,
Faster as you breathe the air,
These are early days for weeping!
Hence, away, away!

—A. W., in London Daily News.

REDISTRICTING THE STATES.

Problem Brings Out Danger of Increasing Membership of House.

From the St. Paul Dispatch.
In the past forty years the basis of Congressional representation has been raised without progression in each of the years following the decennial census. In practically regular jumps, the basis went from 131,425 in 1871, to 134,182 in 1901, but the decennial increases did not keep pace with the population growth, and the House grew from 23 to its present membership of 591. The problem in the next reapportionment will be to prevent the further increase to the unwieldy body which would result from an increase in the basis that would be only proportionate.

There are those who affect to see in the probability of a Democratic House a reapportionment upon other than old-time lines, but this is not worth considering, as it is a condition we had twenty years ago, and the situation is one which affects localities rather than partisans. Those sections shown by the recent census to have sustained population losses or a slow growth which leaves them behind the average, will naturally oppose a basis that will reduce their representation in Congress to the benefit of those other sections where population growth has been marked. They will, as before, favor an increase in the House membership which will leave them their present status at the expense of a size already believed to be too large.

It will require the exercise of self-reliance and patriotism to satisfactorily solve the problem, just as the same qualities must be exhibited when the Minnesota legislature faces the reapportionment of the State for legislative purposes. The sense of fair play in the member to induce his support of a measure equitable all around, but disastrous to his own constituency. But fairness and honesty are expected of the men selected to make our laws, whether of State or nation. The welfare and rights of the largest number cannot be neglected, whether it means a member of Congress or a State senator.

DOWN WITH THE DOG.

Sixteenth Century Edicts Not Favorable to Canine Longevity.

From the Kansas City Star.
Diseases and the dog were believed to walk together in the sixteenth century. The terrier was then as much a suspect as the rat to-day. In plague times he had only to venture into the street to court death. Here is an order issued by authorities at Winchester, in 1553, which is typical of the rest: "That if any house within this city shall happen to be infected with the plague, that these every persons to keep within his or her house every his or her dog, and not to suffer them to go at large. And if any dog be found to go at large, it shall be lawful for the Beadle or any other persons to kill the same dog, and that any owner of such dog going at large shall lose 6 shillings."

Among the records of King's Lynn, under May, 1555, appeared this: "For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God to begynn to send us his visitation with sickness amongst us, and that dogs and cates are thought verie unfit to be suffered in this time. Therefore, Mr. Mayor, aldermen, and common council have ordered and decreed that every inhabitant within the same Town shall forthwith take all their dogs and yappes and hang them or kill them and carry them to some out-place and burye them for breeding of a great annoyance. And likewise for cates, if there be any nigh unto any house or houses visited with sickness. . . . It is ordered that the cates shall forthwith be killed in all such places." An exception was made in favor of any "dogge or catter" which was allowed to be kept if "kenelled or tied up or led in a lease."

Records of previous successful expeditions of Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis—show," continued Mr. Wilson, "that fully 75 per cent of the attendance must come from within a radius of 20 miles. San Francisco and the cities around its bay, with thirty minutes' ride, have a population of fully 500,000; within fifty miles are 1,600,000 people, and within 250 miles at least 1,600,000. These people are all progressive and pleasure-loving, and can be relied on to help in every way to make the event successful.

"Consider the comparatively small population within 20 miles of New Orleans. That city urges that it is within 1,500 miles of a vast population, but records show that it isn't the people who travel 1,500 miles who make the gate-money success of an exposition. They help, but daily attendance comes from points near by.

"The new city, completely rebuilt, will itself be an attractive exhibit. The exposition will be distinctive and characteristic. There will not only be exhibits of European countries, but all the nations that border the Pacific—the islands of the sea and the awakening Orient—will be able to make displays in San Francisco such as have never before been assembled. The Philippines, Alaska, Hawaii, and Samoa will be made features, while the solved problems of the West—forestry, irrigation, horticulture, and mining—will be thoroughly exploited."